



The Blind Queen



40 22 14

Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

The child was born with no eyes. A smooth expanse of skin stretched over empty sockets. The mother cried for weeks and would not see the child. The father was away; another war. The care of the child fell to the gentle arms of a young nursemaid named Grimelda.

Grimelda's short life had been quite gray and lonely. She was a third child, an afterthought, with none of her family's magic. Her father's importance to the war effort had secured her a position in the palace, albeit a lowly one. Grimelda did not mind her humble existence. She was selfless, caring for those around her and trying to make them happy.

Grimelda loved the child. When others would shake their heads or mutter cruel jokes, she would cluck her tongue and cradle the little girl, cooing at her. "It does not matter. You will be a fine and gracious ruler, when it is your time."

As the child grew older...

Chapter 2 by Selena Raynee



she realized that she had to make up for what she didn't have - her eyes.

For long hours she would exhaust herself and train in using her other senses - hearing, touch and smell - to navigate the palace and later lands beyond it.

She didn't skip private lessons administered by old academics; she knew she needed all information about the world she could get.

When her 14th spring came, the young princess was capable of holding her own and moving

around her hometown freely without any help. Most seen it as miracle.

And at arrival of her 14th autumn she thought would best fit her as a queen...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 3 by Mica



She came up to Grimelda, seeking her advice. "Oh Grimelda, I don't know what I should choose."

"In what, my dear?" Grimelda asked pleasantly.

"My name." The young princess sighed out.

"Well, young one, I believe that a person's name should have accurate meaning," Grimelda said, "This is why you should be named Aislin. It means vision." Grimelda smiled as she saw the young princess's face creased in confusion.

"Vision?" The princess cried out. "You've raised me up, you should most certainly know that I have no vision."

"Oh my dear child, one does not need eyes in order to have vision. You have more vision in you than in anyone I have ever known."

Chapter 4 by Adam Muller



Because looking is believing, and because using your eyes is the easiest way in which to look at things, and because those born with eyes hardly think to look without using them, and because Aislin was born without eyes, she had to use her arms and legs, her nose, her feelings and faith, and so it was, when she turned fifteen years old, she held within her a world so rich with meaning, it was common that those who would hear her describe even a particle of it, would feel a crack just beneath their chests, and begin to cry, and would suddenly feel emptier.

Chapter 5 by Selena Raynee



Princess Aislin was declared of marriage age after her 16th autumn. Rumors of her wisdom spread wide and far, however no suitors applied. Royals from neighboring kingdoms liked their women tame and silent.

Aislin loved to laugh about her situation: she liked her freedom more than anything else and loathed the idea of being bound by matrimony to some pompous fool called a husband. She knew that if she married, she would be a queen to a king, an accessory without real power. A

baby machine, probably. She didn't want the future, she knew too much of the world outside the castle to need the illusory

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Unmarried, no matter. Father never returns, killed in the war. Mother, not long after dies of what could be called heartbreak. Kingdom in chaos. Who will follow an unmarried and blind young queen? Upon the scene, fairly late, a cousin. Sir Nedd. Seven years her elder. Accompanied by knights and a retinue of soldiers. Not so much, but enough to make a point. He will take the throne. Publicly, Nedd shames her mildly in questioning her position on the throne to some laughter in the assembled populace. Aislin must make a choice in how to respond. She is gracious as ever, and in so, shames him more. He takes the throne violently, questioning her true heritage and birthright. The word "bastard", though not spoken is in the air. Grimelda helps her away. They make their way to an old stone cottage by a stream as night falls.

Chapter 7 by heureux-xx



"Where are you taking me?" asked Aislin, a hint of worry in her voice, for she did not recognize the area. New places were always foreign to her. Though she had a lot of courage, growing up blind, always entering the unknown.

"It is time you know the truth, Princess Aislin." The voice was different, lower, hoarse.. As if it hadn't been used in a very long time. This was certainly not Grimelda.

"Who are you!?" demanded Aislin, not a single bit of fear in her voice.

"Ha! There's the courageous Princess I've become so fond of, you must've gotten that from your mother." Remarked the voice. "I am your father." It continued. "I did not want to leave you and your mother for the war. So I used our families magic to cloak myself in a different form. I've been watching you, taking care of you, raising you, this whole time. I am Grimelda."

Aislin couldn't believe it, she was completely baffled. "Father? Could it really be?"

"I've been working on this spell for a long time now, Aislin." Ignoring Aislin's question, "If done correctly, you should be able to see.. However, it comes at a price. You see, I must relinquish all my own magic, channeling it into this necklace. And if worn, it should give you sight."

See more of Story Wars

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"This is the only way Aislin... So it is written, so it shall come to pass." Aislin's Father began channeling his magic into the necklace. She could feel the magic near her, it was such a weird feeling, something she's never experienced before..

"I love you, Aislin.. And Goodbye"

With those last words, Aislin's Father finished the spell, and dropped to the floor. She could tell something was wrong. As she reached around for the necklace and put it around her neck. Almost immediately she started to see.. However, fate is a cruel mistress. For the very first thing Aislin saw with her newly acquired sight.. Was her Father in front of her, dead on the floor..

Chapter 8 by intellikat



Aislin dropped to her knees and wept. Wept for the father she had known and loved but never seen. She would never see his face crinkle in the laughter she knew, or cross a great hallway and wrap her in his great embrace following a successful campaign and return home.

Aislin wrapped him gently in a blanket she found in the cottage and vowed to return with others to give him the burial rites he deserved. And with that, she disappeared into the chill night to return home. To her home.

Atop the battlements, Sir Nedd's soldiers jeered. They had been commanded to bar her entrance to the castle.

"Tell my cousin I wish an audience. There is a matter that concerns the both of us!"

The laughter continued, and heaps of food scraps and other rubbish were hurled at her from above as she simply lowered her head and sighed. Without magic, how would she enter? How could she convince this pig-headed man of her cause? To join forces and use her wisdom alongside his might? To understand that her father was now well and truly gone and that the wars he had been fighting must be attended to with some diligence?

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

began to glow fiercely and she heard the voice of her father like the rushing of a great wind:

"Because you could see, you did not see.

Because you spurned wisdom, you became as fools.

Because you had might, you became as weak as babes."

Suddenly, a brilliant light flashed across the sky and a great cry of terror rose up from the castle. A clatter of weapons and a stumbling of feet. Aislin watched in confusion as the giant gate suddenly began to raise and the royal attendants loyal to her parents who had been wary of Sir Nedd's arrival beckoned her inside.

What met her eyes in the courtyard was a shock. There knelt, crawled, and lamented the once armed and proud men of Sir Nedd, reduced to helpless children. Without their sight, they had nothing. Aislin took a pitiful look at their case and turned to Wylan, the royal steward.

"Tell them to hold hands and then lead them gently into the banquet hall. They must think we will take revenge. Assure them we will not and then feed them."

Wylan nodded and rushed to carry out her orders. She strode assuredly into the Great Hall where her father's throne sat.

Within the hall, Aislin was met with an even more surprising sight. Though she imagined her cousin Nedd would be in the same state as his men, she found him instead upon the throne, unfazed and solemn. In one hand he held a flashing sword which he dragged slowly across the stone floor as she approached. Nearing him, Aislin paused and then dropped to one knee.

"My lord," she began. "Your title affords you an honour I must respect. I ask now that you listen to me speak. My father, your uncle, is dead. But not in the wars as was reported. His body lies a distance from the castle in a stone cottage from where I have come. he gave his life... to give me sight. Through the magic that has run through our family but alas was not taught me because of my blindness. His spirit now... somehow lives on. I can hear him speak. He guides me, and I listen.

I know that you look at him through the glass and think he is capable of leading. But I ask you now to allow me to advise you. If you listen to me, we may be able to unite this kingdom and restore the peace my father fought for his whole life. His magic still flows through me."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Nedd was silent this whole time, but now he rose in the throne and leaned toward Aislin.

"How many fingers do I hold?" he said slowly.

"My lord?"

"How many fingers?"

"Your hand is behind your back, my lord."

"Answer me, or I know your story is a lie. I do not know how you entered these gates, but I will not hesitate to cut you down where you stand if you answer me false."

Aislin sighed again, and closed her eyes. She heard her father's voice, like a calm stream.

"Because you grasped one thing too tightly,
All will be taken from you.
The hand that choked the lamb
Will close no more."

Nedd's face contorted in pain, and he pulled his hand from behind his back. His other hand dropped the sword to the floor with a clatter. Both hands were forced into an open position, and though the man tried to close them, he could not. His eyes showed fear and panic.

"The open hand longs to be filled
But one closed refuses help.
From this time forward,
He who saw nothing in another
Will need everything from the same."

Nedd fell to his knees and wept, and in that moment Aislin felt a pity for him. She came to his side and knelt with him.

"My command is everything..." he wept bitterly. "Without it, I am nothing."

Aislin considered this for a moment. See more of Story Wars

"My lord, I was once as you are now. But through that weakness I found a great strength. Perhaps it is the same for you: to rule with a sword in fist is nothing, but to rule unarmed is another."

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"You are a foolish child," he spat. "the world is not so simple. And it is much darker than you think."

"Perhaps. I have much yet to learn about the world. I am only seeing it for the first time now." She smiled. "Let me help you. Help me."

Sir Nedd considered this for a moment, and then looked up at his cousin.

"I'd never noticed your eyes before," he said. He took a breath and nodded. "You are wiser than me. And more fit to command. Your words, though as light as feathers, can break stone. You need no advisors, but I do indeed. I humbly accept your gracious offer."

And with that, Nedd's hands suddenly loosened and he felt them moving once again. from within the banquet hall, a great shout rose as the men no doubt were granted their sight once again.

Aislin and Nedd rose together. It was clear to both what was to be done to reunite the kingdom. They could see the way ahead now.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account